

Fame

by Daphne

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Summary: Fame isn't always a good thing... Rehearsals for the upcoming play lead Hermione to jealousy. Ginny gets the lead, Hermione the understudy. If this play goes well, it'll be a miracle! Please R/R!!! I need encouragement.

1. Default Chapter Title

> <meta name="Generator"> Part One: Nervous

Fame

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Part One: Nervous

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"I am so nervous freaked out" Hermione muttered, pacing backstage, ruffling the curtain as she went.

"Gosh Hermione! You'd never think a level headed person like you could be nervous! I'm glad I didn't try for the part of Lily I'd be more nervous than you!" Parvati giggled. Hermione sighed, unable to stand another minute of her fake-niceness. It was sickening.

"Brown, Lavender!" McGonagall's voice rang through the auditorium. She peered through the curtains. "Where is she?"

"Here Professor! Right here! Sorry, I was fixing my hair" Lavender stumbled into the entrance with 3" platform shoes and an overflowing makeup bag.

"There you are. Come along. I understand you wish to play the part of Mary Prewitt" They drifted through the sound-proof curtain. Everyone exhaled.

"Finally! She's gone. Now we can get some peace and quiet" Someone

said loudly. Everyone laughed nervously. Even Harry, who was obviously going for the part of James, was white as a sheet.

"Ginny Weasley! Come here dear Lily, I presume?" McGonagall's voice greeted the young girl with enthusiasm. All the girls who wished to play the part of Lily shook their heads and groaned.

Ginny was the perfect Lily. Green eyes, flaming red hair, and an acting career in full steam, she made even the most self-confident people like Cho Chang nervous.

"Darn, there goes my chance!" Hermione muttered to herself, searching the crowd for anyone familiar. Ron was talking to Lavender, who was finished with her audition, and Harry was gone.

"Miss Granger!" The Professor's voice yelled.

"Right here" She scurried through the curtain to find 4 familiar professors watching her.

"Hello, Professor Flitwick, Professor McGonagall, Headmaster Dumbledore, Professor Snape. Nice to see you I am here to try out for the part of Lily, if you wouldn't mind." Hermione said, very politely.

"Well we may as well make you look the part Cosmetro Lily Potter!" Dumbledore said loudly, turning Hermione into a slightly altered Lily. She was still short, and her hair was still frizzy. Thank goodness Hermione had the same voice she would never get used to a different one.

"We'd like you to read this line What is it again?" Flitwick squeaked, rummaging through his papers.

"Oh James, I cannot leave you! And Harry! We must protect our son! We must stick together, when times are rough, remember? Now, say this with a demanding sadness. He-who-must-not-be-named has supposedly found you, and James is telling you to leave. Begin when ready." McGonagall told her, reminding the forgetful Flitwick. Hermione had never seen McGonagall act like this! She had passion.

Hermione thought to herself. _If I was Lily, and Voldemort was going to get not only me, but also my husband and son, what would I feel like?_

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"Oh James! I cannot leave you and Harry! We must protect our son! We must stick together, when times are rough," She let out a realistic sob, "remember?" And fell to her feet.

"Wonderful. Cosmetro Hermione Granger! Next!" Snape said grudgingly, scribbling down things on a pad of paper.

"Thank you. Very much." Hermione skipped offstage, a nagging voice in the back of her head telling her she did awfully.

"Well? How was it?" A familiar voice greeted her outside.

"Hey Harry! It was okay, I guess. They didn't say anything, but I

tried but against Ginny? I have no chance." Hermione grumbled.

"Well, there's always hope, right?" He grinned.

"I guess so. What about you?"

"I did fine. Normal, I guess, but I am one of the only people trying out for the part everyone wants to be Sirius! He gets to ride around in a flying motorcycle!" Harry made motorcycle noises. Hermione laughed.

"Men! You can't understand 'em, you can't join 'em, you have to love 'em!" She grinned.

"You know you want to ride on a flying motorcycle. I think you must wish for it every night! And every time a motorcycle goes by, you run after it, thinking it may fly for you!" He said sarcastically. By the time he finished, they were in hysterics. Calming down quickly, she began to speak.

"I wish this wasn't such a big deal. It's hard enough trying to get in and be the part but now, McGonagall announced that we would be playing in that humongus theatre in Hogsmeade, and tickets are 3/4 of the way sold out already" Hermione sighed. It's not like there wasn't enough pressure put on them already Now they would be performing in front of a packed house. Everyone with their eyes on them!

"It won't be so bad. You'll see." Harry reminded her.

"Hey!" Ron greeted them loudly. Hermione jumped, startled. "They're posting the results in 5 minutes on the other side of the school! Come on!"

They raced through corridors, secret passageways, and up and down staircases. They made it just in time."

"Coming through, coming through!" McGonagall's voice rang through the crowded hallway. "Should I post them, read them, or read them and post them?"

"Read them then post them!" The booming voices said in unison.

"Alright Harry Potter will play James Potter; the understudy is Terry Boot. Lily Potter is being played by Ginny Weasley; understudy is Hermione Granger. Ronald Weasley will play the part of Remus Lupin; understudy is Sam Atkins. Sirius Black will be played by Seamus Finnigan; understudy is Dean Thomas, and last but definitely not least of the main characters, Draco Malfoy will play You-Know-Who; no understudy. I will post the rest." The scroll flew to the opposite wall. A surge of people bunched in to gather a look. Being small definitely had its advantages, as Hermione hustled her way to the front. The scroll read:

—

Support Parts:

Peter Pettigrew: Colin Creevey

Mary Prewitt: Lavender Brown

Geoffrey Prewitt: Blaise Zambini

Joanne Bones: Cho Chang

Donald Bones: Jacob Hail

Extras:

You-Know-Who Followers: Hannah Abbott, Vincent Goyle, Angelina Johnson

Townspeople: Fred and George Weasley, Katie Bell, Parvati Patil

Narrator: Katrina Davis

—

"Rehearsal will be today at 5 o'clock!" McGonagall reminded them

Understudy The nagging voice rang in Hermione's head. _Not good enough to be number one, I see? You could have done better, but the mean Ginny Weasley took your part, right? You'll see just how good that little snot is at rehearsal_

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Hermione shook her head and cleared those nasty thoughts. It wasn't like her to be thinking that! She forgot all about them and made her way to lunch.

"LAAA!" Lavender screeched, claiming she was working out her voice by doing scales. "LAAAAA!"

Hermione covered her ears in pain. Lavender's shrill voice was not one to be listened to for long periods of time brain damage may result.

"Hand these out for me, will you?" McGonagall handed her a large stack of scripts, with gold embossed letters saying, "A Night to Remember".

"No problem" Hermione grumbled, handing a script to anyone she passed by. She had to throw it in the Lavender-claimed bathroom area unable to stand the opera she was now singing. Keeping one for herself, she made her way to the front of the stage and sat on the apron. Others gathered around her.

"As you know, this is being sponsored by the Defense Against the Dark Arts League. We will do three, one and a half hour productions, one for every day. It will premier in three weeks. Sets are in the making, as are costumes. Yes Lavender, we have all of your sizes." She said to the girl who was raising her hand high in the air. She continued to the rest of the people. "Three weeks for you to

memorize, act, and work your best on this stage. Your lines must be memorized by next week. Understudies must come to every rehearsal, three times a week, from 3-5. If we pull this off, it will be a miracle." McGonagall sighed. "You are dismissed."

Hermione scanned the pages of the rather long script. She would have a lot of lines to memorize, even though she would probably never use them. She flipped a random page, near the end. It read:

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Lily: Oh James, I cannot leave you! And Harry! We must protect our son! We must stick together, when times are rough, remember?

—

James: No Lily, go. Save yourself and our son. I will handle him.

Lily: No! We must stick together! I love you!

(A passionate kiss is held between them)

—

Hermione's cheeks burned with rage and jealousy. Ginny would be kissing her Harry, in front of thousands of people! Wait, it wasn't her Harry! They aren't a couple! What was she thinking?

She brushed the thought out of her mind and made her way to dinner, thinking about all the strange thoughts she's been having lately.

If all worked out well, it would be a miracle.

A/N and Disclaimer: I know I'm supposed to be working on "Turning Back the Hands of Time", but I am having a bit of writer's block now, so this is another option. I'm sending it in for the Flourish Challengefic this month, so

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2. Default Chapter Title

> <meta name="Generator"> Fame, Part 2/3

Fame, Part 2/3

That is why the Blood Wars took place throughout the centuries. Although Vampires were soon to make pacts with the Hounds, they were not at ease during these periods of time. Although they were hunting for the same things, both are quite competitive, so obviously

— —

Hermione stopped to think about the essay she was writing. Although it wasn't due until two days, she wanted to get an early start.

"You coming tonight?" Harry asked her, pulling up a chair.

"Coming where?" She asked in shock. Had he asked her out and she completely forgotten about it?

"To rehearsals!" He smiled. _Oh thank God._ She thought, putting her hand to her forehead.

"Of course! Have you memorized your lines yet, 'James'" She asked.

"Umm, only till page 60. You?"

"About the same, although I won't ever say them in front of an audience. Ginny gets the favors" Hermione sighed in annoyance. She pushed out her chair and gathered the script, running her fingers over the embossed letters. "Isn't this the name of a muggle movie? 'A Night to Remember'? Doesn't this violate copyright laws?"

"How should I know? Come on, we don't want to be late!"

It was their third rehearsal so far, and McGonagall exploded if you were a second past the scheduled time slot. Arriving a few minutes early, Lavender ran up to the two, speaking very quickly.

"You'll help me memorize these lines for me, right? I mean, it's not like I don't have any done, it's just I don't have any down pat! I mean, I've been so busy lately, it's uncontrollable! Will McGonagall get mad at me if I ask for the memorization date to be extended? Speaking of extensions, did you see Cho? She got them and her hair is down to her butt! It looks so fake! So will you?" She jabbered, handing Hermione her script, with little doodles all over it written in gel pens.

"Uh" Hermione scrunched up her face.

"I knew you would!" Lavender squealed, opening it to the first page for her.

"I'll see you later" Harry eyed Lavender and took off to find Ron.

Three minutes later, McGonagall walked in, acting like the queen herself. She had a scepter, in which she threw at anyone when they messed up, and had two strong boys bring in her fluffy chair in her office that looked like a replica of a throne.

"Are we ready to begin?" She asked in a very noble accent.

"Yes, Queen Mary." Hermione muttered.

"Then let's start, act one, scene one, Sirius, Lupin, James, and Mary Prewitt begin at the mark. Oh, and costumes will be in by the next rehearsal, as will the set pieces, okay? We have also added two cast members; your scripts have been magically altered as needed Brianne Nixon and Steven Hawk will be playing Petunia and Vernon Dursley. Ready you four? Go!" She said, sitting down watching the performance.

Sirius: Yeah, and I heard that he was a former Hogwarts

student!

Lupin: A Slytherin, no doubt.

James: I just hope that he doesn't attack us, like he did to those other family!

Mary: But how do we know he'll kill us? He's a bad, mysterious man!

"STOP!" McGonagall threw the sceptor directly at Lavender. She dodged just in time. "Do you know your lines, Miss Brown?"

"It's not the due date yet!" She whined.

"FINE! Keep going!" McGonagall said, her scepter back by her side.

It's going to be a long three weeks

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"Truth or dare, Hermione?" Lavender asked, giggling, putting a handful of popcorn in her mouth.

"Truth." She said.

"You chicken!" Ginny giggled, taking a bite of pumpkin pasty.

"I know, I know what's the truth? Hurry up chewing, Hun. I don't have all day!" Hermione said in an awful American-accent.

"Who puts the sparkle in your eye? Is it Ron? Dean? Or Neville?" All the girls laughed at this. "Who?"

"I know who she likes." Ginny said, as-a-matter-of-factly.

"Who?" Hermione said, wondering how Ginny could know if she doesn't know herself.

"It's Harry." Ginny said, plain and simple.

"No it's not!"

"You want to bet?" She said, daringly.

"Not really, but I truly don't know It confuses me. Sure, Dean is a nice guy, but Parvati has her eyes on him already! And Well, the point is, I don't know whom I like. Next question!" Hermione jabbered on and on, trying to get to a point.

"Sure" Ginny said, nodding her head sarcastically.

"Shut up!" Hermione furrowed her brow.

"Fine fine But I find it the tad bit humorous that I know who takes your heart before you And I thought you were smart!"

"That's it! I'm going to bed!" She pulled the drapes around the canopy around her and closed her eyes, trying to fall asleep while the girls talked and giggled.

_I do not like Harry! I do not, do not, do not I do, don't I? _ She groaned inwardly. It wasn't bad enough she liked her best friend, it was even more so that Ginny knew before she did! She sighed, rolling over. She reached out and pulled the script out of her bed stand, memorizing lines. She fell asleep to chomping of popcorn and Lily's powerful lines. By morning, she was refreshed and exhilarated, but still haunted by her thoughts.

"This is absolutely awful! Horrendous, I tell you!" McGonagall came storming into the auditorium, where everyone was waiting for her. The day before, set pieces had been put up, costumes had been issued, and props had been placed. No one could see why she could be so upset.

"What is it?" Everyone asked, turning his or her attention to her.

"Well, Hogsmeade decided to put everyone coming to the three performances into one, so we only have one night of fame. One night to live in the limelight. One night to make this perfect. In front of 3,000 people." Everyone gasped. Three thousand people? That was more than the Hogsmeade Band got in a year, and they were quite popular!

And only one night, instead of three! It wouldn't be so bad, but It was scary.

There was silence in the auditorium. Not a person breathed, or moved at all, waiting for McGonagall's next move. They didn't want to be on her bad side she was a witch! Well, obviously, but besides that

"Well! That's that, I suppose. Act two, scene three, Lily and James!"

Lily: (knitting a pair of baby booties for her son, HARRY) So what shall we do? Are you positive he's after us?

James: (takes a sip of butterbeer) Very. It's hard enough for people like us, but for Harry He needs parents, we have no choice but to live through the attack, since there will be one if we do not go into hiding.

Lily: So hiding is the only option? Sirius is the secret-keeper?

James: I trust him with my life.

"NO! No, this cannot be happening, not to me, not to me" McGonagall raged. Hermione sat backstage, tonight was the performance. Where was Ginny?

"What happened, Professor?" she asked.

"Ginny That awful Sytherin, Frank Fontam, _accidentally_ removed the bones in her leg. It takes a full twelve hours to rebuild them She won't get the spotlight tonight, dear!" McGonagall said, very frustrated.

"Well, who is the understudy?" Hermione asked, forgetting her responsibility.

"You are! Haven't you memorized your lines?"

"Of course! But"

"Then you're on in an hour."

A/N: Oooh, cliffhanger! I know it's short, but what can I say? I am supposed to be working on other things!!! Like "Turning Back the Hands of Time"! Well, what do you think? Why don't you tell me yourself by REVIEWING!!! Thanks a ton!

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End
file.